



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE ART AMATEUR

DEVOTED TO ART IN THE HOUSEHOLD

VOL. 19.—No. 1.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1888.

{ WITH 9-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,
{ INCLUDING COLORED PLATE.



"THE ORPHANS." DRAWN BY ELIZABETH STRONG FROM HER PAINTING IN THE PARIS SALON, 1888.

THE PARIS SALON.

THE Salon of 1888 is a good average Salon, containing a fair proportion of distinguished work, the usual quantity of pictures full of talent of a technical nature and an unobtrusive sprinkling of vulgar or absolutely inferior work. Among the most distinguished work of the year I should place Hébert's dreamy, poetical and beautiful picture entitled "Aux Héros sans Gloire," one of those visions of beauty and sentiment which words cannot describe; Dagnan-Bouveret's small portrait of a lady in the picturesque costume of the canton of Berne; John S. Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Playfair, of which the face and neck are modelled with a distinction and subtle power that few but Mr. Sargent possess; Alfred Agache's study of a girl's head and his large picture called "Enigma," so prodigiously and simply impressive with its broad masses of color; Brunet-Richon's "Les Veuves et les Mères des Marins," an old woman in a long black cloak of mourning walking along a quay, with

in the distance the docks and the fishing-boats reflected in the blue water; Raphael Collin's opalescent decorative panel for the rector's dining-room in the new Sorbonne "Fin d'été"—a blonde maiden clad in Japanese stuffs of pale blue and rose, walking flower-laden in a silvery, pearly landscape where nymphs are dancing; W. Q. Orchardson's portrait of Mrs. Joseph, remarkable in drawing and sympathetic observation and persuasive in spite of the yellowness of its general tonality; I. F. Raffaelli's life-size portrait of Edmond de Goncourt, full of marvellous color, but disagreeable and affected in execution; Kuehl's "Le Maître de Chapelle," one of the very best bits of painting in the Salon; Bonnat's portraits of Jules Ferry and Cardinal Lavigerie; Roll's "Fermière" and "Au Trot," which as paintings are decidedly very delicate; Jules Breton's "Étoile du Berger" and his "Girls Going to a Procession," the latter, to my mind, the least bourgeois in sentiment of all Breton's pictures.

Add to the above select list Gaston Latouche's "Accouchée," delicate in sentiment and observation; Lobre's

two marvellously exact reproductions of interior light in "La Chambre Bleue" and "La Chambre Blanche;" Maignan's "Voices of the Tocsin," full of imaginative talent, miserable as painting and uselessly enormous in size; Jules Lefebvre's "Orpheline," refined in sentiment, correct in drawing, and thinly and coldly painted; Ziem's rutilant picture of Venice and his luscious watermelon; Th. Blake Wirgman's very talented and distinguished portrait of an old lady; Tytgadt's nuns sewing in a white, sunny room in the "beguinage" of Bruges, a remarkable piece of work as study of whites and grays in strong reflected light; Aimé Perret's "Golden Wedding," a picture full of humor and observation of peasant character and costume; Olive's views of the port of Marseilles; Lansyer's "Institute of France," a veritable Canaletto; Moreau de Tours's military picture, the "Assault of the Malakoff;" J. Gari Melchers's remarkable picture of Dutch pilots, simple in mise-en-scène, intense and direct in observation of character and of ambient light and shadow, to my sense the best American picture

in the present Salon, excepting, of course, Mr. Sargent's portrait. Next to the Melchers, among the Americans, may be placed Walter Gay's "Benedicite," a very distinguished effort to paint a very difficult scheme of grays. The trouble is that unless you are a mighty genius, the grays are apt to run away with you and leave your objects without their specific consistency. This criticism may be made of both Mr. Gay's pictures in the Salon, but I hasten to add that unless the pictures were already remarkable in themselves, it would be impossible to make this criticism, which is, therefore, almost a compliment.

Another American, R. W. Vonnoh, exhibits a very fine and distinguished portrait of a lady. Notice, also, Victor Marec's "After the Funeral," full of study of character; Léon Lhermitte's "Harvesters Resting," almost obtrusively clever; George Hitchcock's refinedly beautiful "Annunciation," whose delicate qualities are lost, owing to the unfortunate position in which the picture is hung; two interesting pictures by Israels; a pretty fancy by F. Hipp. Lucas, "Fil de la Vierge;" W. L. Metcalf's "Market at Tunis," a boldly treated Oriental subject; J. Kavanagh's "Village Schoolmaster," well placed on the line; E. E. Simmons's two pictures, "Mother and Child," belonging to the Saint Louis Exhibition, and "The Carpenter's Son," both capital pictures, and well placed on the line; Gervex's vulgar imitation of Sargent in the portrait of Jane Harding; Edeifelt's sincere picture of Finland women gossiping outside a church; Dawant's striking composition of choirboys in red robes, singing in an Italian church; Gustave Courtois's rich Venetian portrait of Alice Regnault, and the same artist's dead virgin lying on a "reposoir" of white veils and flowers; Carolus Duran's portrait of his daughter, and particularly his portrait of the painter François; two important sheep pictures by Charles Jacque, which seem rather old-fashioned and vieux jeu; J. C. Cazin's "Day's Work Over," which seems to show an increasing tendency to summary execution; Falguière's "Spanish Beggars," a wonderfully felicitous "pochade" à la Goya; Friant's "Canotiers," minute even to hardness, but very close and precise in observation of feature and contour; Maurin's two highly finished study heads, which reveal on the part of the painter an extraordinary eye and a rare brush; Haquette's two marine subjects; Marcotte de Quivière's marine; Grmelund's "Yellow Sails" and "Port of Antwerp;" Theodore Earl Butler's "Widow;" De la Hoesse's portrait of a lady in green.

But what about the great "swells," Cabanel, Bouguereau, Boulanger, Hector Leroux, Henner? They are all represented by appropriate and even superior specimens of their genius, which, however, call for no special remark. Henner, in his "Saint Sebastian and the Holy Women," and in his portrait of a lady, is more tricky than ever, and I am afraid that henceforward he must be considered to be altogether out of the running for the medal of honor. The number of colossal decorative panels is very considerable this year: François Flameng, Chartran, Humbert, Duez and Benjamin Constant all send important works, but none of them are worthy of profound admiration except Benjamin Constant's triptych, which was noticed in a previous issue of *The Art Amateur*, and which looks very fine in the Salon in spite of the crude light. Detaille, who has long been absent from the Salon, exhibits a canvas ten feet long called "The Dream." It is a panorama of a regiment sleeping on a plain, each man wrapped in his cloak, the muskets stacked in long lines, the camp-fires blazing here and there, while in the clouds is a phantom parade of the heroes of the time of Napoleon I. and Louis Philippe. This picture will certainly have a great popular success.

Among the landscapes may be noted works by Jan Monchablon, Guillemet, Sanchez Perrier, Nozal, Pointelin, Harpignies, Cesbron, René Fath, Bernier, Isenbart and Charles H. Davis, whose two pictures, "April" and a "Winter Evening," are extremely poetical.

The American artists make an exceedingly good show at the Salon this year, and my only regret is that I have not space to mention their works at length. Besides those already mentioned, the exhibitors are J. C. Arter, who shows a Picardy interior; Lucile C. Arthur, "Bees" and a "Mill;" E. Aubry Hunt, "Honfleur;" Henry Bacon, "Building the Boat;" W. Baird, "The Seine at Boissise;" Ellen K. Baker, "Revery" and a "Nursling;" E. H. Barnard, a portrait; H. Bisbing, "Siesta on the Beach," a cattle picture well placed on the line, and a "Farm-yard;" F. M. Boggs, "Harfleur" and "Havre," two marines well placed; D. F. Boyden, two landscapes; Miss Amanda Brewster, two portraits;

F. A. Bridgman, two Algerian pictures, on the line, of course; Miss Kate A. Carl, choosing a romance; L. F. Cauldwell, a portrait; F. B. Chadwick, "La Mère Rabicotte;" Mrs. E. I. Chadwick, "Shepherdess" and a "Baigneuse;" M. Clinton-Smith, "In the Marshes at Criquebœuf;" Max. Colin, "Ladies' Studio;" E. I. Couse, "Fleur de Prison;" L. H. Coyner, a still life; R. Curtis, "Carmen Arrested in the Cigar Factory, Seville," rather blatant in color; Alger S. Currier, "A la Santé," a capital character study of an old man, placed conspicuously on the line, and a nude study, "Deesse;" W. Darling, "La Première Visite de la Grande Mère;" W. L. Dodge, a fine academic composition of "David and Goliath;" Pauline Dohn, "Tête d'Enfant;" J. D. Patrick, a strangely drawn picture, "Brutalité;" Julie Dunn, "Autumn;" F. Duveneck, a good portrait and the celebrated imitation Whistler etchings; C. S. Forbes, a portrait; J. L. France, gathering seaweed on the beach; Miss Gardner, a very pretty picture of two mothers—a human mother and a hen and chickens; Rosalie Gill, a portrait; Abbott Graves, "Peonies;" Clifford Grayson, a good nude study; Eleanor Greatorex, "Pasqua Fiorita;" Kathleen Greatorex, "Les Fleurs du Vent;" R. H. Green, "Flower Girl;" Charlotte G. Greenough, the "Château de la Grand'Cour;" Edward Grenet, "Ballade à la Lune;" P. A. Gross, two views of Liverdun; Carl Gutherz, "Lux Incarnationis," a very important effort of imaginative painting, placed on the line in the centre of a panel; Philip L. Hale, "Girl with Chrysanthemums;" Alexander Harrison, two marines of good, delicate quality; Birge Harrison, "The Departure of the Mayflower;" A. Butler Harrison, "La Lande;" Herman Hartwich, "La Sieste;" Childe Hassam, "Grand-Prix Day;" Bertha Hewit, "Sisters;" W. H. Howe, "Starting for the Market" and "Carting Sand, Dieppe Beach;" S. Isham, a portrait; Louise R. Jewett, a portrait; John Kavanagh, "The Village Schoolmaster," well placed on the line, and a portrait, both good pictures; Anna E. Klumpke, "A la Buanderie," women washing round a tub, an important effort, hung on the line, and a portrait; C. F. de Klyn, "Gardeuse de Vaches" and "Une Cour, Bretagne;" Ridgway Knight, a fine and broadly-painted landscape, with figure, "Calling the Ferryman," on the line, of course; Miss Lee-Robbins, an imitation Carolus Duran, "Nonchalance," hung on the line, and a portrait; Eurilda Loomis, "Vie Rustique, Picardie," a good figure and interior picture, well placed; F. G. Loring, a sunset effect, the "Bridge at Chioggia;" W. MacEwen, "Une Histoire de Revenant," very charming study of pretty Dutch girls in a sunny interior, well placed on the line; E. L. Major, "St. Geneviève;" A. F. Mathews, "Pandora" and "In Holland;" Henry Motler, "Harvest Festival in Brittany" and "The White Captive," a scene among the Apache Indians, both works placed on the line; Albert H. Mumsell, "Ship Right Ahead," a strong sea picture; W. G. Page, a portrait; Stephen H. Parker, "Pandora;" Charles Sprague Pearce, "La Rentrée du Troupeau," a very sweet landscape with a shepherd boy piping as he leads home his flock; Clinton Peters, a portrait; W. L. Picknell, "November," an impressive lonely landscape; Charles S. Reinhart, "Waiting for the Absent" and "Rising Tide," the former on the line, two clever pictures of seashore life; Theodore Robinson, "An Apprentice Blacksmith;" F. Scott, "Retour de la Pêche;" R. V. V. Sewell, a portrait; Marie Simpson, "Poor Man's Breakfast;" F. O. Small, "Rameses and his Daughter Playing Chess;" W. J. Smedley, "Le Bateau du Père;" Ellen Starbuck, a portrait; Jules L. Stewart, an elegant and delicate portrait of the Comtesse d'Arcy; Robert Lewis Reid, "The Flight into Egypt," a poetical vision of the subject treated in a mystic blue tonality appropriate to decorative work—the intention of Mr. Reid's picture is excellent, and his work is not wanting in sentiment; F. W. Stokes, "Les Orphelines" and "A Good Sermon," the latter placed on the line—a very clever and refined piece of work; Julian Story, "The Black Prince Finding the Body of the King of Bohemia on the Battle-field of Crecy," an ambitious and successful effort so far as success is possible in such subjects; G. M. Stone, a portrait; C. H. Strickland, a portrait; Elizabeth Strong, some clever studies of dogs, including "The Orphans," illustrated herewith; Miss F. H. Throop, a study of a girl, "La Réveil;" Georgette Timkin, "La Moisson;" G. S. Truesdell, "The Shepherd and his Flock," a good out-of-door pseudo-Millet picture, effective and sincere, well placed on the line; Eugene L. Vail, "Ready About," a fishing boat and

crew, the faces and attitudes full of character, but the execution very disagreeable—this enormous picture is hung on the line, and, with all its defects, shows great talent; Lionel Walden, "Sur la Tamise," deservedly hung on the line; C. T. Webber, two portraits; E. L. Weeks, a fine Indian picture, called "Un Rajah de Jodhpore," splendidly hung on the line; Cecelia E. Wentworth, a portrait; Ogden Wood, cattle pasturing in a silvery, opalescent seaside landscape.

In the section of water-colors, pastels and drawings the American exhibitors are Flora Blood, F. M. Boggs, Alice Buell, S. J. Cauffmann, Alger S. Currier, C. E. Dana, Julie Dunn, Edward H. Garrett, Duncan Harding, Alexander and Birge Harrison, Ida C. Haskell, A. Humphreys, I. Kavanagh, Alice Killogg, Elizabeth Klumpke, E. L. Major, Carl Newman, W. Oothout, S. H. Parker, Charles S. Pearce, H. W. Ranger, Miss Beulah Strong.

In the sculpture department the American exhibitors are S. Herbert Adams, a good portrait bust and a fragment of a fountain; P. W. Bartlett, "Bear Trainer," an elegant and humorous bronze statuette; H. K. Bush Brown, "Cimabue and Giotto;" Kate A. Carl, two bronze medallions; G. Mitchell, "Jacob and the Angel," an important plaster group, and a marble statue, "Young Botanist;" E. C. Potter, "A Nomad," "Far West Prairie," a plaster group full of movement, and some rabbits; E. A. Stewardson, a bas-relief portrait; Fanny S. Wadsworth, a plaster statue, the "Shepherd David."

Among the most charming works in the French sculpture may be noted a marble statue of a huntress nymph by Falguière; a modification of the statue already exhibited in bronze. This marble is a commission from an American amateur. Henri Peinte's "Orpheus Charming Cerberus" is very beautiful. The other great works are by Cain, Valton, Delaplanche, Barrias, Desca, Laoust, Carls, Chapu, Escoüla, Rodin, Caravamriez, etc. Want of space prevents me treating the sculpture as fully as I could wish, although this year I do not find the exhibition so brilliant as usual from the creative point of view.

THEODORE CHILD.

RECENT AMERICAN LANDSCAPE.

THE number of creditable and interesting landscape paintings in the recent exhibitions at the National Academy of Design and of the Society of American Artists at Yandell's Gallery has been so great that it was not possible, in the brief review in these columns of the two displays, to do justice to their merits. A very large proportion of the best work in American exhibitions is still landscape work, and at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists the only prize offered is that founded by Dr. W. Seward Webb in 1887 for the best landscape painted by an American artist under forty years of age. At the exhibition of last year this prize was awarded to Mr. J. Francis Murphy for his picture, "Brook and Field;" this year it was given to Mr. John H. Twachtman for his "Windmills." This latter was one of the largest landscapes in the collection; two large mills, with their towers and vanes seen almost flat against the gray sky, stand on the borders of a quiet canal, whose waters, and those of the pool in the foreground, reflect the sky; two or three slight clumps of trees also serve to break the horizon line, and in the left foreground rise the sandy banks and tall reeds of the edge of the pool. The atmospheric tones of the picture give it its greatest charm—a sense of quiet, as though the wind never blew too roughly in these great wings. Mr. Twachtman also exhibited six other landscapes—all more or less in the same low key—a careful little study of the exterior of the church at Arques, an old bridge somewhat stronger and somewhat more confused in its planes, a "Landscape near Cincinnati," consisting of a tall house half buried in foliage, etc. Mr. Murphy, the winner of last year, sees nature through very different spectacles; his most important picture in the exhibition of this year, "November Gloom," was so very dark that, in the imperfect lighting of the hall in the evening, it was quite impossible to see it at all. By daylight, however, it resolved itself into a hillside, a foreground not very flat and a strip of sky over the hill; the terrestrial portion was full of blackish and reddish browns rather rich in color; the right cord was struck, but not very strongly. His other picture, "Woodland," though more conventional, displayed somewhat the same thinness of inspiration and pleasantness of color; his friend, Mr. Dewey, in a little picture hung high, showed a somewhat greater charm of color, a little less realism, and about the same amount of poetry. Mr. Bruce Crane, who has a greater variety

of notes, displays very much the same qualities in his "Late Afternoon," a level stretch of landscape, with the rising moon, very big and luminous, half way above the horizon.

The President of the Society, Mr. Chase, who is one of the best landscape painters of them all, goes to work in a very different way from either that of these painters or that of Mr. Twachtman. Any bit of out-doors will serve him for a subject, though he is very fond of broad stretches of greensward or water surface; one of his best studies was that of "A Winding Road," in the suburbs of Hoboken or anywhere, stretching over a waste common, with an insignificant little house in the extreme distance and an empty tomato-can in the foreground to give the requisite spot of color. At first sight it would be declared to be merely a very careful study, but somehow the impression grows on the spectator as he looks that the realism is illuminated with something more subtle; not poetry nor anything very fine, for a shabby green common on the edge of a city, neither town nor country, is always forlorn and rather vulgar. The painter makes us feel that it is cheap ground, and that just over the rise yonder the dreary little suburb will begin; it is all quite natural, and yet we are not only interested but pleased. Mr. Roswell D. Sawyer has another method; his large canvas, "Peat Ponds, Valley of the Somme," was quite a composition; the gray river ran across the scene under the gray sky; a row of slim and leafless trees were skilfully strung along on the further side; on this bank an old boatman was tying his flat-bottomed bateau to a stake. The day was chilly and disagreeable, and the spectator naturally felt chilly and disagreeable, nothing more. All the painter's good painting only went to make you feel the influence of his scene and, consequently, go away; Mr. Chase's common little Hoboken road, quite as real and much less interesting, per se, was yet beautiful. The metaphysics of painting have not yet found their expounder.

Mr. Coffin's seven or eight studies in the two exhibitions were marked by great seriousness of observation and justness of rendering; if they did not often rise to the dignity of compositions, it was principally because his aims are modest and partly because his inspiration is not always very deep. His moonlights and twilights are just and true, but not very mysterious; the curiously unreal and unearthly effect of moonlight—an effect which familiarity does not diminish—he only slightly suggests. None of the numerous nocturnes in the exhibition of the Society could be considered completely successful in this rendering of the mystery of obscurity; one of the best was Mr. George H. Bogert's No. 7, in which the light in the sky was repeated by the twinkling lantern of the shepherd. Mr. Tryon's "Moonrise in November" had something of this mystery; Mr. Wiggins's "Early Evening among the Sand Dunes" had a good deal of it. The good, careful studies of a bit of nature, without much concern for sentiment or composition, were numerous; among the notable ones were Mr. Joseph De Camp's rocky "Moorland, Cape Ann;" Mr. Robert A. Eichelberger's snowy winter scene; Mr. Benjamin Foster's sombre "Evening in Fontainebleau Forest," which was quite invisible by gaslight; Miss Rosalie Gill's "Midsummer Twilight, St. Ives;" Mr. Hoeber's two marshy scenes, very good in color; Mr. K. I. Langdon's "Moorland Pool;" Mr. Burr H. Nicholls's study of old houses on the river at Pont Aven; Mr. Walter Palmer's "Red Oak," reflecting itself in the ice, and Mr. Post's two clever little autumn scenes, in which, however, the poetry was mostly in the titles. There were others, however, in which this careful study was supplemented by a breath of something else, such as Mr. Frank Jones's white "Foggy Day on the Sands," Mr. Charles Warren Eaton's "Rainy Day," and, possibly, Mr. Wiles's summery little "Noon."

In the Academy exhibition the number of commonplace pictures did not prevent the good ones from asserting themselves—possibly all the more strongly by force of contrast. A very good example of these uninteresting paintings was the "Mountain Road" of Mr. H. W. Robbins, N.A., which was sold during the exhibition. The general superficial look of a summer woodland road was well indicated, and would serve to please the uncritical, but the artist had not known how to express justly the mood of his scene nor to paint the details. The pinky road had none of the substance or texture of earth, the tree trunks were without construction, the foliage without character or drawing. Mr. Whittredge's "Brook in the Woods," about the same size, and which hung near it and was also sold, was even less interesting. Mr. Thomas Moran's large "Sand

Dunes of Fort George Island, Florida," was a very good, characteristic specimen of his work—the same ingenuity and invention of color and composition and the same handsome scenic arrangement that beget in the mind of the spectator an invincible distrust of the faithfulness of the interpretation. Mr. Bierstadt was also represented by a view of "Summit Lake, Colorado," a lonely sheet of water shut in by towering cliffs, a solitary "big horn" in the centre of the composition, and a rising cloud of mist that half veiled the further shore and blended with the sky. Mr. Shurtleff's important canvas, "In October Woods," furnished another proof of the well-known difficulty of making a satisfactory picture out of a piece of woodland; his handsome, rich tones carried each other off well enough, but his picture lacked unity and interest. Mr. Tryon's smaller "October Pasture," which hung near it, was more satisfactory, though his section of gray, rocky hill-side offered even less of a composition than Mr. Shurtleff's woodland scene.

Some of the best landscape painters among the N.A.'s were not at their best; Mr. Homer Martin's large "Westchester Hills" had much of that charm of reddish-yellow tones which the absent Mr. Bunce used to give so well, but was rather monotonous and not very interesting. His smaller, grayish study of a breezy day on the Normandy coast, with its stretch of seawater in the foreground, was fresher and apparently better. Mr. Wyant painted a "Cleared Spot in the Woods," seen between the large trunks in the foreground, and which would be accepted as very good if he had not accustomed us to better things. Mr. William Sonntag, also N.A., had a large picture in the South Gallery, a view on a mountain stream from the foot of Mt. Carter, N. H., the gray cliffs rising from the water on the right, the distant mountain-tops lost in the clouds, and a very ingenious and effective scenic arrangement of tangled foliage and a rustic habitation in the foreground. Still another of these handsome, effective compositions—like Mr. Sonntag's, Mr. Moran's and Mr. Bierstadt's—was Mr. De Haas's large marine, "Sunset, Isle of Shoals," fortified by a long inscription on the frame from the writings of a poet named Bungray. It is possible—the careful traveller would not be willing to deny it unqualifiedly—that a perfectly satisfactory picture has been seen with a poetical quotation for a title, but the occurrence is rare. One of the best in color of these large canvases was Mr. William T. Richards's rocky "Lonely Shore."

The very fine "September Afternoon" of Mr. Inness served to give dignity to the whole South Gallery; and Mr. Edward Gay's brilliant picture, "Waving Grain," lit up the end of the Western Gallery, where the tired visitor usually ends by seeing nothing good. Mr. Sartin's sober study of a piece of New England marshland also gave value to the collection in this little room, and Mr. Bruce Crane's little "Morning in June," with its blossoming trees and its luxuriant summer grass, was one of the best renderings of summer warmth and pleasantness in the whole exhibition. Another was Mr. George H. McCord's "Farm Yard Lane," with its white umbrella for a high note; Mr. Horatio Walker's cattle lowing and grazing along a grassy road, their outlines picked out with the warm morning sunlight, had a curious effect of hot, moist temperature which was probably not quite what he intended to give. Mr. Boggs's "Whitby, England," with the fishers and sailors lounging on the rail and looking down the river, was full of light and salt air; the flat, Dutch landscape beyond Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flower Seller" was very neatly painted in; and Mr. James Kinsella rendered with much cleverness the sand and variegated salt grass in his "Back from the Sea, Point Pleasant."

ONE of the most encouraging signs of the success of The Art Amateur in its efforts to raise the artistic standard of chromo-lithography in this country is found in the comments of the daily press concerning the color supplement given in last month's issue of the magazine. The best informed of the critics generally discuss its merits as a *painting*, forgetting, apparently, for the time being, that only a lithographic print of the original is before them. For instance, the Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It (the Head) is painted with a dash that wins admiration, however little we may care for the subject, and with an understanding that comes of aptitude and training."

And the Newark Daily Advertiser speaks of it as "an admirable study of portraiture in oils likely to be useful to students for its broad, free treatment and strong brush-work."

The aim of The Art Amateur has been to do just this—to put within the reach of the student who lives away from art centres, and seldom even sees an oil painting, the fac-simile of an artist's work, showing in every detail his actual technic. Such a result is very different from the old-fashioned, slick-looking "chromo" of commerce, which possesses not a particle of the character of the original painting. The Art Amateur is the pioneer in this field so far as the reproduction of oil paintings is concerned; water-color drawings have been exceedingly well reproduced in France, and, in this country, by Prang. There are persons doubtless who will make a close examination of such a plate as the head of the jolly Frenchman given with the magazine last month, just as they would put their noses close to the canvas of the original, and wonder at the lack of "finish" in both. The Art Amateur is not published for such critics. Sir Godfrey Kneller once scornfully remarked to a client who objected that the portrait just painted of him would not bear close examination: "Paintings are not made to smell off!" The same may be said of facsimiles of paintings.

THE PASTEL EXHIBITION.

THE club of Painters in Pastel will have concluded its second exhibition, held in the cosy Wunderlich Gallery, about the day of the publication of the present issue of the magazine. For its size, it was one of the most interesting displays of the year; the comparative novelty of the medium and the brilliancy and variety of the effects produced with it attracted hosts of visitors, and it may be said that it was, in every way, an artistic success.

The most remarkable exhibit as to quantity, and in some other respects, was that of Mr. Robert F. Blum, who showed no fewer than thirty-one sketches, studies and more finished compositions. Most of these were renderings of Dutch and Venetian views, the more attractive among the former being some studies made on a Dutch bulb farm, showing beds of bright-colored hyacinths and tulips, with dull backgrounds of haystacks, windmills and gray skies. The Venetian scenes were extremely varied in character and in execution, the best being "The Fish Market," crowded with brilliantly robed figures. Mr. John H. Twachtman also showed several bits from Venice and Holland, observed with other eyes and a different appreciation of nature than Mr. Blum's. There is here no brilliant color, dashing technique or startling effect, but instead there are full and quiet observation and the abiding charm of style. We have too few landscapists like Mr. Twachtman. His windmill on a low sand dune, with a pool and reeds in the foreground, was what may be called, in the best sense of the term, a poem in color, though as well made out and fully as realistic as anything in the exhibition. His "In Holland," on the other hand, was impressionistic to a degree, a mere scumbling of blue, black, white, green and brown on gray paper everywhere apparent, being found sufficient to picture a great expanse of water with low shores, houses and vessels. "A Look toward Lidd," with equally slight means, gave a remarkably truthful account of a swelling sea under a pale sky. "Willows" was a capital study in gray, green and brown.

The picture which divided the honors with Mr. Twachtman's windmill was Mr. Chase's study of the nude, reassuringly but unnecessarily labelled "Pure." The pearly flesh-tints, contrasted with a grayish background and a bright bit of green drapery, cannot be too highly commended. Mr. Chase also exhibited a summarily painted portrait of "My Baby," a delightful youngster in Japanese costume. With its brilliant scheme of color, ranging from carmine to orange, this little picture was wonderfully decorative, holding the centre of the wall facing the entrance to the gallery. Mr. Chase's small landscape studies in Prospect Park and Flatbush were as good bits of realism as we have seen in a long while. Another figure painter was Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith, whose contributions were "A Man Sketching" in a boat on a small river, viewed looking up stream—an excellent piece of work, especially as to the landscape—and a study of a female head, called "Devotion." Mr. John La Farge contributed two small figure subjects, a "Pastel Study" for stained glass and "Salome's Dance," which were formerly shown at the Water-Color Exhibition, and an exquisite little study of a ship seen through a fog. Mr. Irving R. Wiles's "On the Lake" made a much better impression than most of his work one sees in other media. The subject was a trying one—a young lady in a boat, with a red striped awning seen against the glassy water and bright sky. Mr. Kenyon Cox's "Por-

trait Sketch," on the other hand, was not quite up to the average of his work in oils. Mr. Herbert Denman's "The Fruit Vender" and Miss. Caroline T. Hecker's "Portrait" of a little girl in white were both praiseworthy performances.

Mr. William A. Coffin showed a somewhat garish, red-tiled "Village on a Hill," and a much more satisfactory "Moonrise," with a host of bright-tinted clouds reflected in rippling water. Mr. Walter L. Palmer's two studies of snow were exquisite in quality. Mr. J. Alden Weir's "Awakening of Spring" was a particularly happy rendering of a peculiarly American subject—a bit of rough hillside with an old stone fence and a few trees and bushes scarcely yet touched with green. His "The Bridge," meaning the Brooklyn Bridge, was not so successful. There was only one flower-piece in the exhibition, Mr. J. Louis Webb's "Hydrangea," which was a good study, but nothing more.

My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
—*Much Ado About Nothing.*



MR. SARGENT has had a profitable winter in New York and Boston. Despite the accident of his American birth—which, to do him justice, he has done his best to atone for, by visiting the country only once before since he was born in it—this clever artist has been received just as if he were a real foreigner. The two great advantages sought for by a distinguished artist coming to the United States are that he should have plenty of commissions to paint portraits, and that he should be permitted to dash them off as expeditiously as possible. Both of these Mr. Sargent has enjoyed and has exercised as freely as if he had been Mr. Hubert Herkomer or any other of the foreign painters who, from time to time, cross the Atlantic to deplete our pockets at the expense of our vanity. It was, doubtless, fortunate for him that he did not come to us until he had made his reputation abroad; for if he were only an every-day American, his summary method of painting would have been resented by many of his sitters, who, under existing conditions, are afraid to say that they do not like it. But even those who don't like it pay all the same. Mrs. M—F—, of Boston, after giving Mr. Sargent a large sum of money for painting her children, found the picture so unsatisfactory that she banished it to the garret. A goodly company of such disgraced canvases—all products of distinguished artists—might be got together in this country, headed by Munkacsy's picture of the beautiful Mrs. Pulitzer, for which he was paid \$5000. What a gallery of wounded pride they would make, to be sure! Painful to the distinguished artists and to the sitters, too, no doubt. But how soothing it might prove to our neglected, ungallied portrait painters, who, if they are less dashing and less "artistic"—much-abused word!—at least give honest satisfaction to their sitters.

WHAT does it matter if Mr. Sargent—who, above all his contemporaries, perhaps, has the gift of imparting distinction to his subject—makes a dowdy look like a queen, or to a little, insignificant woman gives the air of a goddess, if no one can recognize in the picture the features of the original? I may be told that Vandyck and Velasquez and Mr. Sargent's favorite, Franz Hals, gave the same distinction to all their sitters, who, presumably, could not have been uniformly so distinguished-looking. This is true; but it is worth remembering that while the old-time portrait reflected much of the charm of the master's style, it did a great deal more: it also gave his best drawing—his best modeling. A painting may be valuable as a portrait or as a picture, or as both combined. Of the portraits of the old masters we can absolutely *know* nothing as to the likeness; but we are quite sure of them as pictures. Many of Mr. Sargent's canvases are assuredly not good as portraits. If they are to stand comparison at all with those of the old masters as pictures, they should at least be well drawn, the hands, especially, should look something like hands, and, if it is not too much to insist on, one might add that there should be some suggestion that there are bodies beneath the dashing painted draperies. These requirements are not always found in Mr.

Sargent's portraits. Hence, it is not surprising to learn of one of his sitters having actually paid for two portraits—as a Japanese will carry two watches: the one to regulate the other—one painted by Mr. Sargent, for "style," and the other by Mr. Champney—for the likeness, say. This is not a hypothetical case; it is a fact.

IN the Illustrated Salon Catalogue this year there are not nearly so many funny translations of the French titles of the pictures as usual; but what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality. Could anything be better than giving "Milk Street" as the equivalent for "La voie lactée"—"The Milky Way"—E. Michel's allegorical painting of the starry heavens?

As the magazine was going to press last month, I received a communication to the effect that the "Mannheimer collection," advertised to be "sold without reserve," was largely made up of pictures which came from Knoedler & Co., and, having been bought in, were duly returned to the latter. Having no time to verify this statement, I simply omitted all reference to the alleged auction. Subsequent inquiries show it to be true. It appears that Mr. Mannheimer's "collection" was not sold, but only weedings from it. Knoedler & Co. would really seem to have an unlimited stock of paintings to draw upon to help out transactions of this sort.

A CATTLE picture, by Mrs. Emily Lakey, called "The Right of Way," is on exhibition at the gallery formerly occupied by Mr. S. P. Avery, where it fills the entire wall space facing the entry. While it evinces improvement—notably in the landscape—on previous work by the lady shown in this country, its production must in all candor be pronounced a mistake, for it emphasizes her shortcomings in a way that would hardly be possible in a picture of more modest dimensions. It especially draws attention to the fact that Mrs. Lakey is no colorist; although even a Troyon might have hesitated to depend upon such a palette of grays, browns and greens for covering all these yards of canvas. The result of this fatuous effort may be summarized as a painted area of uncompromising chalkiness, almost devoid of sentiment. The sooner Mrs. Lakey gets over the effects of this grievous mistake, and returns to such honest little canvases as it was the pleasure of The Art Amateur to commend a few years ago, the better it will be for her art and for the nerves of the critics.

AN exquisitely beautiful bust, in marble, of a "Vestal Virgin," by Thorwaldsen, is for sale at Tiffany's, at a price hardly greater than is asked for any of the pretty inanities of the modern Italian school which are so popular in this country. The simplicity of the style of the famous Dane is alike notable in the treatment of the classical and placid features of the maiden, and the broadly modelled folds of her drapery. One has only to glance from this chaste little work to some of its neighbors to see the difference between sculpture and image-making.

MR. THEODORE WORES'S collection of paintings at Reichard's gives a good idea of every-day life in Japan, because the artist has striven faithfully to reproduce just what he saw. The tea-house in cherry-time, the street showman of Tokio, the jinriksha, the Japanese garden, the koto-player, the wayside shrine—all these and other subjects are very characteristically treated; but little can be said for the paintings artistically. The color is garish, and most of the pictures suggest the idea that, among other peculiarities of the Japanese, that wonderful people contrive to live without air. Mr. Wores shows a few Chinese subjects done in pastels, with which medium technically he seems much more at home than with oils. The portrait of a Chinese priest is particularly good.

A ROUND hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, lacking only a few cents, were the gross receipts of the seven days' sale of the stock of Pottier and Stymus—a very handsome sum, considering that most of the furniture was of the kind in vogue about ten years ago in what is now contemptuously called "steamboat style." The large elaborately carved walnut cabinet, full of secret drawers and other curious surprises, which is said to have cost the firm \$13,000 to make and which won a medal at the Centennial exhibition, was bought for \$3000 by Mrs. Arnold, a sister-in-law of Mr. Pottier. One of the Hiltons bought largely for the furniture department of Denning's. A new firm of decorators in Twenty-first

Street laid in a fine stock of draperies at a small outlay, and the bill of Mr. W. H. Webb, for the Hotel Bristol, reached five figures. Of what may properly be called artistic furniture and hangings—the few good, old things in the stock—Mr. James McHugh seemed to enjoy a monopoly. From the point of vantage of his place opposite the Reservoir he pounced down day after day and carried off such prizes as a fine English marquetry sideboard of a century or so ago, some old Chippendale chairs, which had probably been used as models for reproduction, and two fine large Gobelin tapestries picturing the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece, which the auctioneer said were from the Paris residence of the Duke of Brunswick, who died about two years ago.

No one interested in such matters can have failed to notice of late the decided advance—artistically, at least—in American domestic "opaque porcelain" ware. Such dinner services as one sees in the show-windows at Bedell's in Broadway, made at the Chesapeake Pottery Works, in Baltimore, are excellent for ordinary use. Both in form and in decoration they are better than similar imported ware, and they cost no more. It is gratifying to learn that they are selling very well, which is due not only to their intrinsic merit, but also to the fact that the ware is sold in "open sets"—i.e., you may buy just what you want of a set and no more, and can replace broken articles without delay, instead of having to wait for three months, as in the case of accidents with imported ware of the same class.

LOOKING over a back number of The Artist recently I came upon an account of the terrible death—which happened some months ago—of Marianne Godwin, the London girl caricaturist, whose rather audacious water-color sketches of popular actresses, always signed "Jack," must be familiar to all Americans who have lounged through St. James Street and the Burlington Arcade. The thin dress of the little artist caught fire from the gas-stove where she was making her tea in her studio. All ablaze, she rushed into an adjoining room where a gentleman was asleep in bed and woke him. He put out the flames, but too late to save the poor girl; she died the next night. It was a great ambition of "Jack" to have her portraits of stage beauties brought to the notice of the Prince of Wales—although he must have been very familiar with them—and one day she made a parcel of them and got her sister to leave them at Marlborough House, with a note beginning "Dear Prince of Wales," and ending "your loving subject, 'Jack' (M. A.)." The good-hearted Prince bought some of the sketches and sent her a kind message, "hoping that she would succeed in her art career."

AS exquisite an object of porcelain as can be found in this or any other country is a slender little lavender biberon-shaped vase in the cabinet of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, bearing the seal mark of Yung Ching. The paste is of the finest, and the piece is absolutely perfect in form, color and glaze. That such a delicate, fragile object should come down to us, after nearly two hundred years, without a flaw or a scratch of any kind, shows with what care the Chinese and Japanese guard their ceramic treasures; and it reminds us, too, of what has often been said as to the imperishability of the work of the potter.

THE first American attempt—or, rather, attempt in America, for the adventurous painter is an Englishman—to emulate the Munkacsy example of producing "a great religious picture," is by Mr. Matt Morgan, who, I read, "has completed a painting, thirty by fifteen feet in size, representing Christ entering Jerusalem," which "will be exhibited in Boston for four weeks and then here." Mr. Morgan began his artistic career on the short-lived London comic paper, The Tomahawk, and came into notice by lampooning Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. He was imported for the staff of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper as a foil to Mr. Thomas Nast, but failed completely as a cartoonist. Next he appeared as a scene-painter, but with not much more success. After this one finds his name associated with certain pottery works which advertised extensively and failed before the publishers could collect the amount of their bills. Later still, he is heard of in connection with a Western lithographic concern. Having failed in all these enterprises, of course he is just the man to paint "a great religious picture."

MONTEZUMA.